

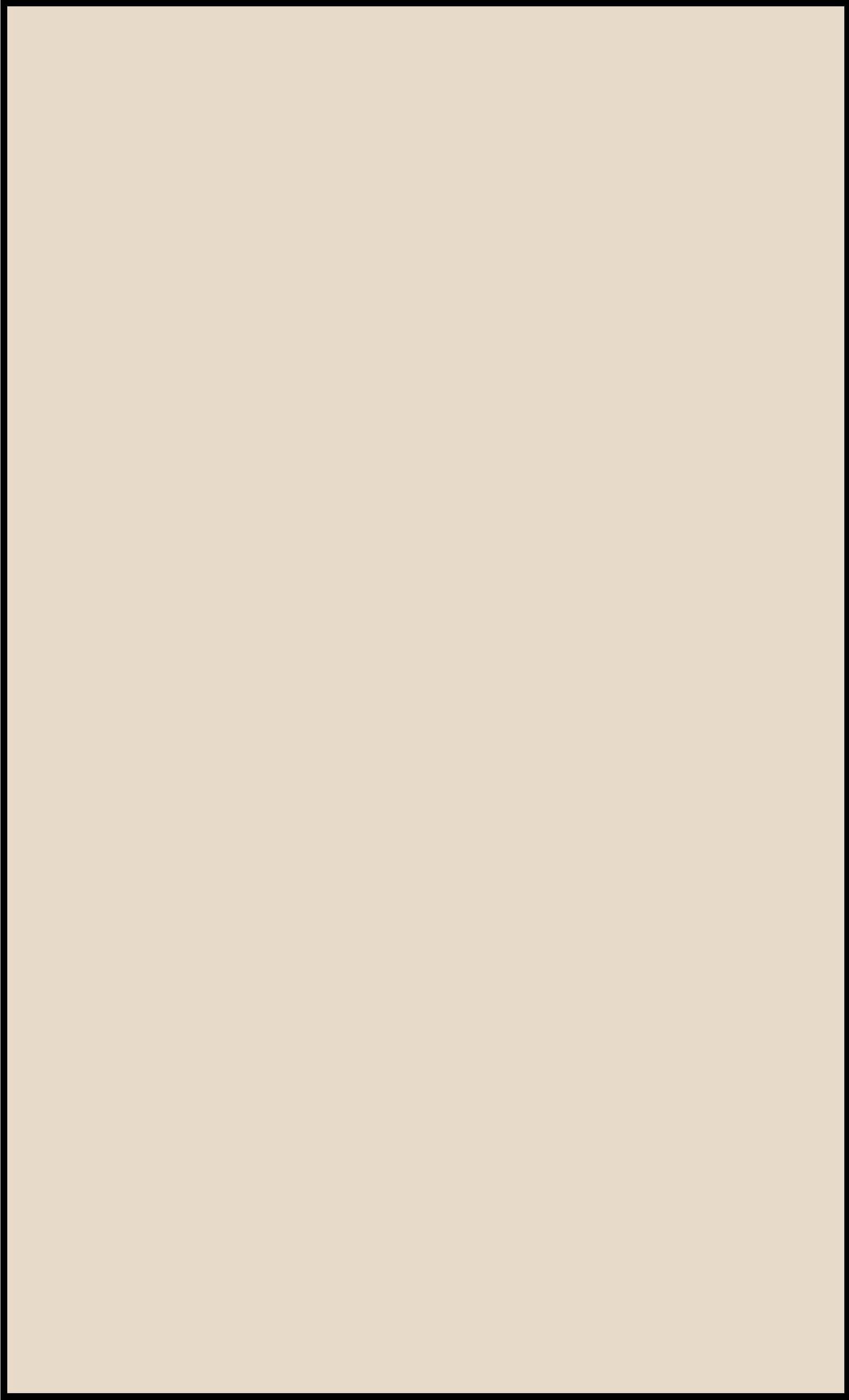
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Senior
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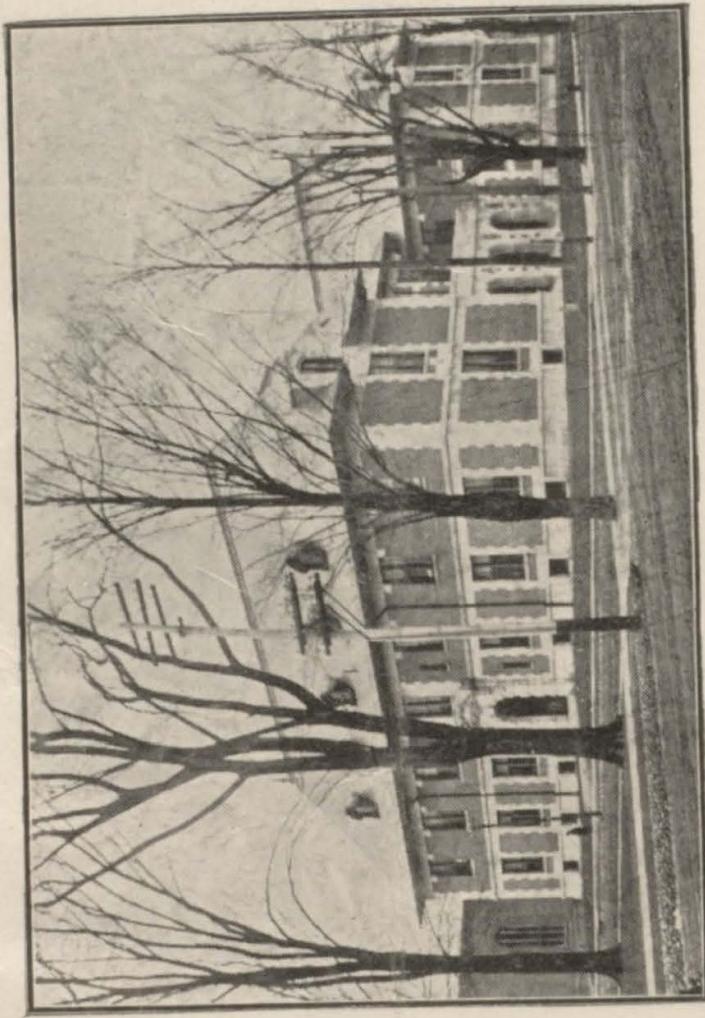
Rome
High School



1902

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ROME HIGH SCHOOL.

The Senior Annual.

ROME, N. Y., JUNE, 1902.

THE SENIOR ANNUAL.

Published by the Class of 1902.

Board of Editors.

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Associate Editors.

Mildred Brainerd, '02.	Grace Powers, '02.
Grace Senn, '02	Jennie Pitcher, '02.
Harry Coventry, '02.	E. Stuart Mills, '02.

Our Object.

The main object in making this paper is to summarize the chief matters of our current school life and to enumerate the various incidents and events. Being a class paper we naturally give more attention to '02 than the other classes. We mention the student organizations, social and athletic, with the idea of encouraging them. We hope the students will take an interest in this paper, for we have taken great pains to give the interior view of school doings. This seemed important to us for there is a charm of pleasure and friendship in finding that there are more things known about you than you yourself know. We hope that our friends without, our attentive alumni, our dear fathers and mothers, will also find it of some interest. We hope the idea of publishing a class paper will meet with approval by the members of the High School, and that they will keep the good work up. We believe it will

be a great help to the school to have a paper, even if published but once a year, recalling all the interesting events of the year. The idea did not come to us until very late this year, but we have worked hard on it and we now submit to you the result of our effort. Judge us not too harshly. Consider and be considerate. If the class of 1903 make it a point to publish one next year, we feel sure this new movement will be a success in every way, and something the school can be proud of.

It's up to you, 1903.

THE interest shown by most of the students in the athletics of the High School is not what it should be. A school of this size should have foot ball, track, basket ball and base ball teams, but experience teaches us that we can turn out but one good team from these four. It is true that in not having a gymnasium the athletics of the school are neglected for four out of the ten school months, and this gives us a great set back. The fellows don't show their interest in trying for the team and most of the girls never come to the games. To one who knows what the attendance is at games out of town it is very astonishing to note the difference. At no game this spring has there been a large number of girls. Let us see if we can't do better next year and all hands get out. With a large group of "spring beauties" adorning the grand stand there are very few teams the fellows could not beat.

IT would be hard to conceive a school of any character where no class spirit existed. It is the one thing that stimulates from beginning to end and stimulates in all departments of work, and play as well. "My class is now and ever shall be *the class*" is the thought that enters the mind of the youthful Freshman and continues to increase with the added years through the entire course. It is the one thing that sets apart each class as an individual and makes the line between classes very marked. One forgets the date of his birth, that of his marriage even, but never the year he graduated. He never forgets the members of his class, and the more class spirit there is the more vividly are these recalled. So far as possible the class spirit should show the character of the school. For instance: There is some agitation throughout the country in regard to the "honor system." The fact that students do not understand that true liberty consists in doing not as one wishes, but as one ought, often makes the use of this system impossible. If "duty first and always" was the motto of the school, all rules would become unnecessary and an ideal honor system would be in vogue. A Utopian school would result. In gratitude to the citizens of Rome for the opportunities which are ours, each year we should measure up nearer to this standard. By all means, therefore, let us cultivate the class spirit, but let it be the better side, that elevates, not degrades, helps, not hinders, looks outward and upward. When this spirit exists, then we will be ready for the "honor system."

THE editors wish to thank the teachers for the interest they have shown in making the paper a success, the contributors for the articles, and the advertisers who have also greatly helped us. It requires some courage to venture into a scheme of this sort, but we did not allow our pride, our cowardice or laziness to shake our confidence in the least.

THE attention of all our readers is called to an excellent article from the pen of Rev. H. H. Peabody, D.D., which appears on page 7.

An Adventure of the Children of Belial; or A Night in the High School.

It happened in the year of grace, 1902, when the budding leaves portended summer with all its beauty, that there gathered together six of the children of Belial* to do a deed of terrible note. Gad-zooks! but there was blood in their eyes as with stealthy steps they approached the house of †Etam, which, being night, was empty, as the high priest ‡Tyrannus calls his children together only during the daytime. Two, among the children of Belial, called §Shipor and ||Sophereth found a secret entrance to the house of Etam, and straightway flung wide the doors to their comrades, ¶Piram, **Tahrea, ††Baara and ‡‡Vajezatha. No oil could be burned, as none had the where-with-all to procure it (oil quoted at 14c.) So silently and stealthily crept they from room to room that none of the rabble knew thereof. Ver-

*Belial—They that are worthless.

+Etam—Place of ravenous creatures.

‡Tyrannus—The tyrant.

§Shipor—Black one.

||Sophereth—Scribe.

¶Piram—Wild like an ass.

**Tahrea—Cunning one.

††Baara—He that is foolish.

‡‡Vajezatha—Strong as the wind.

ily, verily, sought they for the skeleton of some antiquated mummy, who dwelt therein.

And it came to pass that, after much hard hunting, two among their number, named Shipor and Sophereth came upon the skeleton hidden in the lower vaults of the house of Etam, and then went up a great rejoicing. Amid much howling and rending of the air the children of Belial, among whom there was no back-slider, carried the skeleton into the assembly room of the children of §§Mahol and of ||Hamor, mostly of Hamor. "Forsooth! brothers" spake Baara, "which place seemeth best to hang the skeleton? Where the abble can look upor it with horror or where the children of Mahol and of Hamor can look upon it with much rejoicing?"

One among their number, called Piram, spat upon the floor and looked wise. Spake he, "Verily, brothers, there will be much loud yelling and great rejoicing when, on the morrow, the children of Mahol and of Hamor discover their new member, but the high priest called Tyrannus, will look upon us with fiery indignation and put upon us much sore punishment. Many times have I tried him sorely, and if I am seized, yea, verily, verily, I say unto you, contumely and scorn shall be my portion, and there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth!" Nevertheless, among the children of Belial, there was no backslider.

Then spake one called Sophereth: "Odd's-bodikins! here is the place to hang the skeleton, over the exalted seat of the high priest called Tyrannus let the skeleton be so hung that the Grand Mogul may perceive that something has been doing."

"By my halidome! but he will rend his garments when he beholds this image of Satan strung from the ceiling of the house of Etam."

Straightway, one called Tahrea, brought forth a ladder and, with much hard work, fastened the skeleton firmly to the ceiling. But being fixed so that he himself could not escape, he began to curse the bag of bones. Straightway the skeleton began to drop his bones promiscuously among the children of Belial, causing howling and groaning that can not be uttered. All was soon made right and after repairing its left leg, the skeleton was once more hoisted.

Within the house of Etam, there was stationed an instrument of many strings, uncommonly called Neginah, from which at the dawn of day, one of high priestesses, a daughter of |||Jubal, often sought to bring forth music as sweet as that of the "celestial serens' harmony." Selah! The children of Mahol and Hamor, mostly Hamor, waxed weary of her vain attempts, but alas, their was no help for it. Yea, verily, it sounded like the braying of asses and the howling of jackals. "Prythee, my brethren," spake one called Vajezatha, because of his mighty strength, "what say ye to the stuffing of the ass's mouth? By St. Cuthbert's beads, I think it would do it good." Straightway this musical instrument, called Neginah, likened unto the ass, was stuffed so full that no sound came therefrom.

Then spake Piram, as he again spat upon the floor and again looked wise, "Methinks on the morrow, the children of Mahol and Hamor, mostly Hamor, among whom there are many wizards,

§§Mahol—Wise ones. ||Hamor—Those likened unto the ass.

|||Jubal—Inventor of music.

witches, sorcerers, prognosticators and necromancers, will be sorely vexed." "Woe is me if we are caught. "Of a truth," answered Shipor, a son of Ishmael, "there will be much haranguing of the multitude on the morrow. The high priest, called Tyrannus, will raise a mighty shout like unto the bellow of the bull of Bashan; his face will grow red and purple, yea, even unto the color of the turkey's neck, but it will avail him nothing. Brethren, our work is done; let us depart for our evening devotions."

SOPHERETH.

R. F. A. Alumni R. H. S.

—Miss Joyce Bissell is spending three months abroad.

—Mr. Theodore Visscher, architect, has an office in New York city.

—Miss Ida Revely enters Syracuse University next September.

—Miss Bianca Holley is doing concert work in New York city.

—Dr. Eleanor Parry is resident physician of Mt. Holyoke College.

—Mr. Fred Groff is assistant superintendent of mines at Windber, Pa.

—Miss Edith Walker is the leading contralto in the Royal Opera, Vienna.

—Miss Helen Virginia will teach at Newport News, Va., again next year.

—Mr. Francis Bellamy is with Silver, Burdett & Co., publishers, New York City.

—Miss Alice Tremain has graduated from the Kindergarten Training Class of Utica.

—Miss Fanny McHarg holds a position as soloist in a church in Kansas City, Mo.

—Mr. John R. Seales is superintendent of the Pressed Steel Car Works at Joliet, Ill.

—Miss Fanny Ellis has passed the examination for a position in the city library of Utica.

—Miss Ellen Hunt who is spending two years abroad will spend the summer in Switzerland.

—Mr. John Morgan, is taking a course in the Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia.

—Mr. Arthur Knight will take a position as assistant state chemist at New Haven August the first.

—Miss Mabel Jones, teacher in the Institute for the Deaf of Philadelphia, will spend her vacation in Rome.

—Mr. Wm. McCarthy, architect, who graduated from Lehigh in 1900 has opened an office in New York City.

—Lieut. Osborne Scudder, topographer of Engineer corps, U. S. A., is making a map of Culion Island, Philippine Islands.

—Dr. George Reid graduated from the Baltimore Medical College last month and has located at North Western, N. Y.

—Dr. E. Helen Hannahs, professor in Albany Normal College, will spend the summer at Chicago University and Denver, Col.

—Mr. Edward Bright has graduated from Lawrenceville and Mr. Alfred Ethridge from Hotchkiss. Both will enter Yale next fall.

—Miss Hattie Virginia has finished a course in stenography and bookkeeping and will enter the Rome Hospital to become a trained nurse.

—Dean George Hodges of Cambridge, Mass., will spend the summer at Holderness, Mass. A sketch of Miles Standish, from whom he is a descendant in direct line, appeared from his pen in a recent number of the New England Magazine.

—Dr. Angennette Parry is working among the people of the East Side, New York City, under the direction of Dr. Parkhurst's Church.

—Miss Emily Halsted has returned from two years of travel and study abroad, and will spend the summer at 109 W. Thomas street.

—Miss Olive Scudder who holds a position with the Corbin Lock Company of Philadelphia, will spend the month of August in Rome.

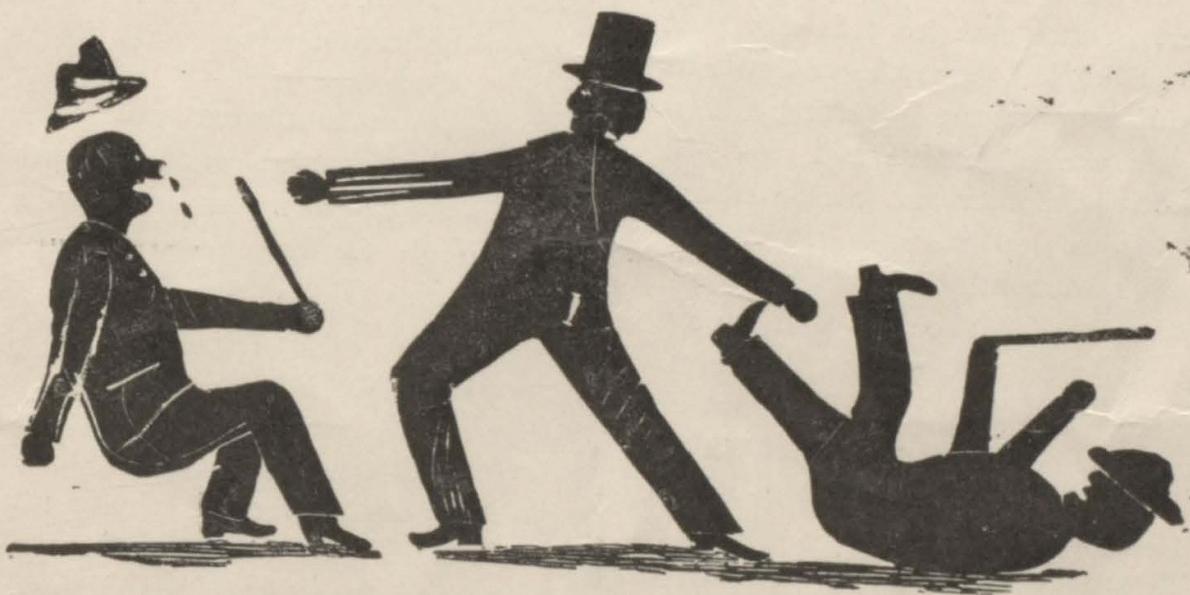
—Mrs. Hattie Hunt Watt is living at 510 N. Washington street. Miss Ethel Watt graduated from the teachers' training school of Rome this month.

—Miss Anne Comstock has charge of the vocal department in Miss Bennett's school, Irvington-on-the-Hudson. She also sings in the Reformed Church on 33d street, New York city.

—Miss Lillian Kilbourne of St. Louis, Miss Alida Mitchell of New York, and Miss Belle Williams of Denver will spend a part of the summer in Rome.

—During the year sons have arrived at the homes of Messrs. James Barnard, Allen H. Wright, Marshall Morris and Dr. Sumner Kingsley; and daughters at the homes of Messrs. Will McAdam, William White and Dr. Fred Honsinger.

—Among the alumni of R.F.A. graduating from colleges this month are Miss Giehl from Vassar, Miss Garlick from Neff College of Oratory, Philadelphia, Miss Huff, Miss Ellis and Miss Ada Frink from Syracuse, Miss Mary Kent from Albany Normal College, Mr. Parker Scripture, Mr. Arthur Armstrong and Mr. Harold Stevens from Cornell, Mr. Robert Nisbet and Mr. Wayne Nisbet from Yale.



The Class Row.

One day last winter the freshman class, they of the nursing bottle, held a meeting, elected a president and the other figureheads of organization and in utter disregard of the time honored customs of alma mater, voted to buy class caps. On account of their extreme youth they

had been treated with great leniency by the upper classes until this time, although they had become notorious for their flagrant violations of the ordinances of this peaceful community, but this last was too much. They must be curbed.

Accordingly the great upperclassmen arose in all their majesty and issued an

edict forbidding so great a calamity befalling the school as to have the "freshies" appear with caps bearing 1905 conspicuously on the fore. No use, they would wear the caps.

On one of the balmy (?) days of March, just before the bell rung for the afternoon session, a great cloud of dust, verily like that described by Scott in his "Marmion," was seen approaching from the vicinity of the police station. A passing hurricane wafted the cloud aside and behold, there were the freshies with set faces and 1905 caps, bearing down upon the stupefied crowd that blocked the sidewalk in front of the school. The sight of the caps to the upperclass was as a red rag to a bull and the seniors, those tried men and true, shouting at the top of their voices their rallying slogan, "Heyrube" formed in battle array. Words can not describe the shock that was experienced as the two masses came together. Some aver to this day that plaster was shaken from the walls of our school building but the general belief is that this happened before and was due to defective mortar in construction. Since the row the Board has had steel ceilings placed in all of the rooms.

Speaking of the shock caused by the combatants coming together, it was as nothing compared to the shock which was felt by the disturbers when those stalwart, brawny, bluecoated men, otherwise known as the Rome police, appeared upon the scene. There was a scattering and when the school was assembled, all was as quiet as the proverbial spring lamb, except now and then a suppressed "Ouch," or the covering up of the place which a coat button had once occupied. Occasionally a little snuffing might be heard and presently a thing that appeared like an anarchist flag would come from the pocket of some one of the verdant Freshmen. Thus passed the class row.

Notes and Comments.

Those students who attended the reading classes regularly, found them to be of great interest and profit.

Those who have been fortunate enough to hear the lectures on California by Rev. J. H. Egger, D.D., have found them to be very pleasing and instructive.

The new urns add very much to the appearance of the front lawns. If the students would exercise more care and would keep on the sidewalks the grass would have an opportunity to grow.

Each year the D. A. R. offer a prize for the best oration and for the best essay written upon certain assigned historical subjects. This year more students competed than ever before. This increasing interest must be very gratifying to the ladies.

We all hope that next year a new stage will be erected in the assembly hall. The one we now have is not large enough for one to stand upon, without being in danger of falling off. We ought to have one three times as large as the present one.

The one thing necessary to make the assembly room perfect, is a new reference table. Those who have to use the old one, find that it is both crowded and inconvenient. Reference books need care. Students look upon them as common property, to use as they see fit. If large, well ordered tables were provided, and the books were replaced in position after being used, the real value of the reference table would be more apparent to the students.

This last year has been notable because of its many suspensions. We conclude that the good work of the last term is owing to this fact. Freshmen, when you have been here for a year or two, you will begin to see the value of a little study now and then.

At a meeting of the class of 1901, held at the home of Miss Clarabelle Lawton, the chairman, William B. Eames, appointed various committees. Miss Anna Briggs was then elected gumnologist and Stuart Smith necrologist. It was decided to hold the alumni banquet June 27.

The new pictures in the study hall have been much admired and greatly appreciated. Three of them are the gift of the Wednesday Morning Club. They are "The Courier," "Moon Beams," "Over Pathways, Waste and Wild." The picture of the lion is the gift of Mr. W. R. Huntington.

For the last two years the usual singing on Friday afternoons has been omitted. Let the faculty remember that we *can* sing, and that we wish to do so. What the school needs is new singing books. A change would be acceptable, and a greater interest would then be taken in that part of the exercises.

The beautiful flag which now adorns the study hall is a gift of the late Arthur W. Soper of New York. While at the Paris exposition, Mr. Soper purchased six of them. One was given to Hamilton College, one to the Rome High School and the others were given to his friends. The flag is made of the finest silk. It hung on the American building at the exposition.

We have now been in our new quarters for three years, but as yet we have seen nothing of a flag-staff. The little flag in the attic window does not materially add to the beauty of the High School building. A new flag pole is more than a luxury, it is a necessity, if the dignity of our fine building is to be preserved.

The Open Door and the Self-Made Man.

In recent newspaper discussion the phrase, "an open door"—a Bible simile—has come greatly into use. The word door finds its synonym in opportunity. The carpenter left the door in the old school house to pass through, in and out. Opportunity is a door in an otherwise closed wall of fate opening to the fields beyond. It is a door, an open door.

Sometimes we think of this opportunity not as opened for us, but as a door we incidentally open for ourselves. In the relation between himself and the power that undergirds him, man conceives himself as a solitary toiler, untoiled with, with this hidden power simply passive. But in the Bible use of the phrase, "an open door," the most fundamental fact mentioned is that the highest power in the history of man is constantly opening a door to him and pointing the way in. This power is spoken of as aggressive. One thing, however, life does not do, which is to drive us through the door. By every open doorway a statue of Patience rises to tell us that the power that opened it can wait. The opportunities will multiply and the enticements also, but the compulsions seemingly and really lessen. He who will

may enter, while he who is careless, let him be so still.

In this respect it is that the spirit of modern life accords with the old-time word, "Behold I set before thee an open door." Life's chances multiply and freedom to decline them grows. A hundred and one compulsions fall away. We will suppose you are an academe graduating today and away to college on the morrow. What is the position of the now-a-day college but that of an open door? A college used to be a compulsory institution and was prone to open the door of opportunity for culture and thrust the student through. In the earlier day he was forced to come daily to chapel and say his prayers; now the opportunity is simply presented, the privilege of worship and religious exercise stand, not as a part of college discipline, but as a supreme opportunity. "Whosoever will" is a religious motto of the university. What, in fact, is the elective system—a classification of study according to individual taste—but a multiplying of doors? A great university shows its greatness in no way more than by its multiplication of doors, that the young student may choose for himself a way into some field of intellectual endeavor. And then when those doors are thrown open and the boy makes his response, the university does not compel the allegiance of the indifferent. Like the great God above, the great school simply points to its door of opportunity, calmly waits for the student's choice, and quietly says, "He that is lazy, let him be lazy still."

It may be that this academe goes not to the university but out into the world of business activity. Here in the sphere of human industry, what does the in-

telligent citizen ask of the state, what does the most advanced statesman seek to guarantee to all citizens, but an open door? The socialist asks more,—for the dead level of assured comfort, that the state shall fix all the details of individual industrial success. Socialism says that the lazy shall not be lazy still, that whosoever wants, and whosoever does not, shall drink of the industrial waters freely. But wisdom tells us that the land is best governed when the door of opportunity stands wide open, equally helpful to highest and lowest—a door no man can shut. The state, like the great university, will say, "He that is lazy shall have the freedom to be lazy still."

Now character as a force, or its lack is shown by those who stand by these doorways of life. If one loiters there in the air of indecision or presses through with avidity, we have a sign, one way or the other, worthy of note. The self-made man is the man capable of self-help, unchecked and unfeebled by affluence of opportunity or poverty in the same. He it is who goes through the door he chooses. No great university can in itself make a scholar, neither can the man deprived of early advantage fail of scholarship in the end *if he thirsts*. Professor James speaks of the boy who was a dullard in his class, apparently, yet was a walking encyclopedia of sporting facts and figures. He was the most brilliant scholar in his class in the line of his interest, athletics. Other doors of the university than this swung open to him in vain; he would not pass through. Others need not only a deepening interest but a stouter reliance upon the principle of self-help. Ericsson, the inventor of the Monitor,

had two rheumatic arms as old age came on, and so much did he dislike to call upon any one to aid him that he effected a contrivance whereby he could pull on his overcoat unaided. Too great reliance upon the assistance of others would, he thought, not only lessen the intensity of his energy but enfeeble the force of his originality. Professor Freeman, the great historian, caught up little John Richard Green and swung him upon his back for a ride because he found that he knew so much of architecture. The boy had saved his pennies to bribe sextons to admit him to famous churches and engaged there to rub brasses, all for the chance to study the beautiful edifices. The boy, who in that spirit, will help himself is sure to swing upon the supporting back of some good providence. If Benjamin Franklin could have done so much without college, or Shakespeare, how much more with? The self-made man is the one whose self-help spirit is strong though advantages are few. Riches often stand in the way more than poverty. Early deprivations have ample compensations and save us from many a servile leaning upon authority. Stevenson speaks of going to the head of his class by some lucky guess, where his boy mates kept him for a time by liberal prompting, until even he wearied of the fierce light that beat upon those upper benches. They then ceased their prompting, when he slid rapidly to the foot, where he belonged. The intellectual stalwart, however deprived, is ever rising by force of his own potency of spirit to his proper level, and the intellectually unthirsting, though affluent of opportunity, can not be artificially held up, but at last sinks to the lower

level of his nature. Success of any kind is an outcome of some form of self-help.

During the academic year now closing Arthur W. Soper has died, and lies buried almost within reach of the old academy bell, could it still be rung. He was not a graduate, though a member of the academy back in those years when Professor Moore was principal. Though his school days were limited, they were marked by that energy of pursuit characteristic of his entire life. To him life was an open door always ajar. Sixty-three years of activity and then the close. From the time he swept his father's office until those crowning years of a metropolitan success, as door after door opened, he entered glowingly, resolutely. The line of endeavor he chose he followed so persistently that his success was bountifully assured.

One Phase of College Life.

What is College Life? Can any one define it, giving its true signification? It is far from the ordinary life. It stands in a sphere of its own, alluring, hopeful, full of promise and youth. It is not the life of the University. It is found only in the smaller colleges. The purpose of this essay is to touch on but one side of this spirited life of four years in a small college. We will treat of the close association of professors with students and the students with each other.

Some one has said: "It matters not what your studies are, it all lies in who your teacher is." The best teacher is the one who comes nearest the students. Whether this is accomplished in expounding the mysteries of the Greek verb or standing over the student in the chemical laboratory, if the instructor

wins the respect and friendship of his charge, his duty is performed, and the verb or the chemicals can assume their secondary places.

On the rolls of our large institutions of learning are found the names of men, world famed for their learning. Into their lecture rooms come each year hundreds of men, mostly Seniors of the Universities. Do these Professors and Doctors by their actual contact and influence ever attempt to mould the characters of the students under them? Does not the teacher in the small college by his close intimacy enrich the lives of every man under his charge? Does not his character enter that of the students giving them an ideal for emulation and effort?

A small college recently suffered the loss of one of their most popular and best beloved professors. The student publication voiced the feelings of every man in that college when it said: "So implicitly did all of us trust him, so accustomed were we to turn to him as our ideal and our example that to lose him seems little less than to have lost a father, who pointed us constantly and steadfastly to the purest and noblest ideals of living, physical, intellectual, moral, spiritual."

Let us now turn to that many-sided organization of mysteries, the student body of a college. In the large University, the student body can hardly be called an organization. Their numbers lack unity and concentrated purpose. They are simply scattered bands of students attending classes on the University campus. We often hear how hundreds of University students attend athletic games to cheer on their teams. What proportion of the student body do they represent? Sometimes a half and very rarely two-thirds. Recently from a col-

lege numbering less than two hundred nearly two-thirds of the students journeyed over a hundred miles to cheer on their foot ball team in a game which they all felt meant sure defeat.

In addition to these things the bonds of friendship are firmer in the small institution. In a small college, class distinctions, the bane and blot of many a fine University, are not so sharply drawn. In the small college a Senior never deems it beneath his dignity to be seen on the campus with a Freshman. There the Freshman counts as a man and is not looked down upon by the upper-classmen. There the underclassman is received for his full worth and judged for his merit and character, not for his ability to pull an oar or twirl a base ball. There the Freshmen from the opening days of college are advised, assisted and encouraged by the Seniors, experienced in the puzzling problems of a college course. There a man walks across the campus, greeted by a hearty "Hello" from every fellow he meets. There it is, if anywhere, one feels the true significance of Cicero's words, "In true friendship, we find nothing false or insincere; everything is straightforward and springs from the heart."

D. W. W., R. H. S., '00.

Familiar Quotations.

He had never fed of the dainties bred in a book.—Fr-nk-yn Et-rid-e.

What's mine is yours, and what's yours is mine.—Gl-dy- Sh-f- -et.

Too much of a good thing.—N-ll-e Br-wn.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.—J-hn Th-m-s Jo--s.

For courage mounted with occasion.—L-sl-e M-r-y.

So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.—L-yd G-ll-y.

I can smile and smile again.—T-m C-n-el-.

Talking is one of the fine arts—the noblest, the most important.—L-ui-e Tho-as.

I am Sir Oracle, And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.—M-. Ha-r-s.

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.—Misses Kn-pp

That man should be at woman's command.—Ha--y C-v-nt-y

I have a mule, it is the only mule I ever had. My mind is my mule.—Ma-M-C-r-ic.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on. —Misses P-t-h-r.

My strong imagination sees a crown dropping upon thy head.— L-ui-e Th-m-s.

To dance attendance on their lordship's pleasures.—Fa-ul-y & Su-er-n-t-d-nt.

'Tis sweet to love a girl, but oh! how bitter to court a girl and then not get her.—E-w-rd At-in--n.

This was the most unkindest cut of all.—Le- and N-t-lie.

In maiden meditation fancy free—A-- Br-g-s.

As merry as the day is long.—Messrs. M-F-rl-nd.

I chatter, chatter as I flow

To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

—M-ld-ed B-ai--rd.

What's in a name? That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet.—Wa-t-r Sh-nk-n-e-y.

All my fortunes at thy feet I lay.—C-ar--e Ke--ey.

Sons of dust, in reverence bow.—B-a-r-x Ne-ss.

For my voice; I have lost it with holloing and singing of anthems.—Ra-ph M-rr-t.

Assume a virtue if you have it not.—Ha-o-d Wa-dw--l.

A harmless necessary cat.—Ch-r-es R-ch--ds.

An you had an eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.—M-ss Th-1-m-n.

Give thy thoughts no tongue.—B-tt-y S-ar-es.

I would that the Gods had made me poetical.—De-is U-l-y.

No sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason why.—Da- and M-b-l-e.

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.—Li-l-an Ka-fm-n.

When—

When comes the coal-man's calm repose,

When ice begin to soar,

When flies begin to plume their wings.

When the strawberry's a bore;

When whizzes loud the "guttie" white,

When each day longer lingers,

When screen doors long to come to light;

When Ping-Pong loses Pinglers;

When comes the year's Commencement time,

And Boards of Education,

In long-tailed coats and bosomed shirts,

Join in the celebration;

When lonely lads and lasses

Loiter late beneath the moon,

When "Sheep-Skins" are the proper thing,

Then, then, 'tis surely June.

D. W. W., R. H. S., 'oo.

Leslie Marcy says: "I am a firm believer in the transmigration of the soul."

"Bones."

The "Bones" is an organization composed of High School students, which was formed during the present term.

It now numbers five members, the idea being to elect two members each year from the Senior class of the following year, thus eventually making it a Senior organization.

The first meeting was held May 5th at 12 p. m. in the luxuriously (?) furnished apartments of the Club.

At this meeting a simple program was carried out. It consisted in raising the emblem of the Club and the selecting of our insignia.

It is proposed to hold a banquet at the end of each school year, at which the two new members chosen for the ensuing year will be initiated. We firmly hope and believe that the Club has a very bright future before it.

The names of the members are as follows:

$\Phi \Theta ! - ? | \Phi ? [? ? | ? \}$
 $\Phi \Psi ! - \Theta ? X — O \Phi \Psi ! - = X$
 $X \parallel ? \div ! - \parallel [| O + \Psi \parallel$
 $\Psi ! - < \Theta = \div ! - = \div ? \Theta \Theta$
 $\Phi \Theta \{ = ?) ! - \Phi ? \Theta \Theta : X$

The motto of the Club is as follows:
 $= ! - ? \parallel < = <$

Miss Sparks in German III.—"If a little girl had an apple and gave her small brother part, we would call that sharing it."

Athletics.**R. H. S. Athletic Association.**

President—Wm. E. Scripture jr.

Vice President—Harold F. Wardwell.

Treasurer—Preston W. Hughes.

Secretary—E. Stuart Mills.

Foot Ball.

Captain—P. W. Hughes.

Manager—W. E. Scripture jr.

The record of the foot ball team for the fall of 1901 shows that there is some good material in the school. For the last few years the school has not taken the interest in foot ball that it should, and when only fourteen men turn out to try for positions, it is very hard to do anything. Considering the coaching and practice which the team had, the fellows ought to feel proud of the record which they made. Oh, that Pulaski game! Did you see it? If not you missed an excellent exhibition of High School foot ball. The day was a model one for the game and a good crowd attended. How the fellows did work! You could see from the start that they were going to get even. The team outdid themselves. They rushed the ball down the field like a whirlwind. They blocked every play and kept the ball out of their own territory nearly all the time. Did you hear the celebration after the game? Did you see the proclamation of victory? Once again they outdid themselves and the next morning saw some of them taking a little vacation to clean off the painted walks. The fellows had a right to feel jubilant over their victory. It was only the second time that the fast Pulaski team had been beaten in five years. Here's to every fellow who came out and helped in any way.

Base Ball.

Captain—Harold F. Wardwell.

Manager—Wm. E. Scripture jr.

Never in the history of the school has there been so much interest aroused among the students over athletic work as has been shown in base ball this season. On the day of the student mass meeting when it was decided to go into the Syracuse University Inter-Academic League, the fellows went wild over it. Soon after, when they were called upon to try for the team, big and little, good and bad, all turned out and for once, at least, it may be said of the High School that there were more than enough candidates. On that cold, windy day over forty fellows appeared at Riverside Park ready for work. Coach George Wheeler took them in hand and soon sifted them down to two teams. With only two men of last year's team with us this year we have turned out the best team the school has ever had, and if the fellows will stay together they will have a better team next year. What was accomplished was done by good, hard work and the fellows ought to be proud of it. The work of the team has aroused a great deal of enthusiasm and for the first time in years the faculty has shown some interest for our success.

		Points Scored.	
		R.H.S. Oppo	
R.H.S vs. Camden H. S.,	Rome,	16	6
" " Oneida H. S.,	"	11	5
" " "	Oneida,	9	12
" " Camden H. S.,	Camden,	15	14
" " Syracuse Varsity,	Rome,	10	14
(2d team)			
" " Syracuse H. S.,	"	8	10
" " "	Syracuse,	9	32
" " Utica H. S.,	Rome,	10	8
" " "	Utica,	17	13

Basket Ball.

Captain—Alfred Ketcham.

Manager—John T. Jones.

The organization of a Basket Ball Team is an innovation in the association. We hope to make a start this year and next season we will be able to put forth a strong team and one which will be an honor to the school.

Indoor Base Ball.

This year was the first the school has ever taken up Indoor Base Ball. A few games were played with teams of the city. The High School won from a team called the Carnations, score 25-3.

Foot Ball—1902.

This little cut represents our Foot Ball Team on their way back from Holland Patent.



Manager Lyle B. Marcy of the Foot Ball team of 1902 has arranged the following schedule of games for his team the coming season:

September 27, Deaf Mute Institution at Rome.

October 4, Yates Academy at Rome.
October 11, Utica Free Academy at Utica.

October 18, Holland Patent High School at Holland Patent.

October 25, Oneida High School at Rome.

November 1, Yates Academy at Yates.

November 8, Camden High School at Rome.

November 12, Syracuse Second 'Varsity at Syracuse.

November 15, Oneida High School at Oneida.

November 22, Camden High School at Camden.

November 27, Syracuse Second 'Varsity at Rome.

Track Team.

Captain—Preston Hughes.

Manager—Harry Meyers.

For the first time in 5 years the students of the High School have given a field day. We are proud that it was such a success and hope that next year it will be more so. The weather and track were in fine condition and some of the records were broken. The closest finishes of the afternoon were in the 220 between Wardwell and Jones, the former winning, and in the mile bicycle between Gawkins, Hayes and Bell, finishing in that order.

The class relay race aroused considerable enthusiasm. The distance was 220 yards and two relays from each class were entered. The teams were Wardwell and Jones, 1902, Hughes and Dorr, 1903, Mead and Curtiss, 1905. The Alumni team consisted of Keeney and Van Hovenburg.

The class of 1902 led from the start and won an easy victory. The record follows:

The 220 yards relay race was won by Wardwell and Jones, representing the class of '02.

100 Yards Dash—Mead first, Jones second, Mowers third; time 12 seconds.

Throwing 12-pound Hammer—White first, Ketcham second, Gawkins third; distance $42:10\frac{1}{4}$ feet.

120 Yards Hurdle—Wardwell first, Mowers second, Richards third; time 18 1-5 seconds.

One-Mile Bicycle Race—Gawkins first, Hayes second, Bell third; time 2:53.

Running High Jump—Wardwell first, Marcy second, Ketcham third; distance 4:11 feet.

Putting 12-pound Shot—Scripture first, Jones second, Ketcham third; distance 21:6 feet.

Running Broad Jump—Wardwell first, Ketcham second, Jones third; distance 16:4 feet.

220 Yards Dash—Wardwell first, Jones second; 24 seconds.

Standing Broad Jump—Wardwell first, Ketcham second; distance 8:8.

One-Mile Run—Kilbourne; time 6:3 2-5.

Pole Vault—Flanagan first, Wardwell second; 6 feet 11 inches.

Three-Legged Race—220 Yards—Scripture and Gawkins, '02 first; Mead and Mowers, '04, second; Curtiss and Marcy, '03, third; time 26 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Throwing Base Ball—Mead first, Scripture second, Dorr third; distance 112 yards.

Counting first place 5 points, second place 3 points, and third place 1 point, the point winners are Wardwell 32, Mead 13, Scripture 13, Jones 12, Ketcham 11.

Stranger in Town—Is that the mayor over there?

Citizen—O, no; that's Mr. Wardwell; he always walks like that.

Reflections.

- It looks Grave(s) for Weller.
- Meetings for public instruction are held every evening at Jervis Library.
- Keeney has been noticed loitering around the "Sewing Machine" store. Who's next?
- We all firmly believe if Dorr should apply for a position as clerk of letters he would make a fortune.
- Somebody says Hayes talks so loud in his sleep that he keeps everybody in the house awake. And such talk!
- We are all very sorry that Miss Gifford lost so many days of school on account of the sickness of her uncle.
- In our question box we find the following: "Where does Jack Stevens go every Sunday night?" How is that Jack?
- By Mr. Leslie Marcy's most excellent declamation it has been established beyond doubt that there were "men of the north."
- We advise Mr. Gardner to be more careful about wearing new clothes to school. Tags are not the proper thing for spring.
- There have been rumors around the school to the effect that Miss Mabelle White had the following experience while attending church at Westernville: Miss White and friends were sitting in the front pew and to pass the time away were eating peanuts. The minister noticed it, and looking directly down at her remarked, "We come here not to eat, drink and be merry."

Howard McFaland, in Physics, after Miss Beard had explained how the different lenses of the eye and camera are similar: "Can you tell me where the optic nerve of a camera is, Miss Beard?"

Philomathesian Society.

Through the worthy efforts of Miss Blanche E. Lamb, the Philomathesian Society of the Rome High School was organized on March 12, 1900. It started with a membership of twenty young ladies, and now has increased to thirty-five active members and fifteen honorary members. Its purpose is to join together in a social and literary band the young ladies of the High School for advancement in educational work. The programs are prepared for each meeting with an effort to please, as well as to instruct. A debate is held once a month and a literary program every two weeks. A program rendered recently by the society consisted of the following numbers:

Song—"Cheer, Philos, Cheer," Society Current Topics, - - Evelyn Knapp
 Reading, - - - Natalie R. Jones
 Recitation, - - - Mable Willson
 Debate: Resolved, That the Regents' system be abolished from the schools.
 Affirmative: Laura Wilson, Ella Hooper, Helen Wheeler. Negative: Jennie May Evans, Florence Kaufman, Elizabeth Mead.

School Paper, - - - Grace Smith
 Recitation, - - - Mai McCormac
 Original Poem, - - - Demis Utley

The retiring officers for the term ending June 13 are: President, Bessie Cowles; Vice President, Maud Willson; Secretary, Jennie May Evans, Treasurer, Mildred Brainerd; Doorkeeper, Ruth Cheney; Critic, Miss Blanche E. Lamb.

The officers for the ensuing year are: President, Laura Z. Wilson; Vice President, Natalie Reid Jones; Secretary, Jennie May Evans; Treasurer, Bessie O. Cowles; Doorkeeper, Elizabeth Mead; Critic, Miss Blanche E. Lamb.

At the close of each year the Philos. give a reception to their friends and to

the Faculty of the High School. The first reception was held at the home of Miss Mary Abbott on the evening of June 27, 1900. It was given in honor of the late Philopolemic Society, whose untimely death, alas! deeply grieved its sister society, and caused the most profound sorrow to exist therein.

On January 2, 1901, a mid-winter reception was given, and on June 26, 1901, the second annual reception was held in Clarke Memorial Hall. The decorations were in lavender and white, the colors of the Society. The reception this year is to be given Wednesday evening, June 25, in Clarke Memorial Hall. The evening will be spent in games and dancing and an enjoyable time is expected by all.

As a conclusion to this article the "Philos." wish merely to add their motto: "Ad verum et pulchrum tendemus," and their heartiest congratulations to the class of 1902.

Appropriate Books for R. H. S. People.

These books may be found at the Jervis Library and are especially recommended to the following students:

His Majesty, Myself, - John T. Jones
Love and Quiet Life, Mabelle White
Black Beauty, - Miss Conners
Mahabhatta of Krishua Dwaipayana
Vyasa, - Shankenbery
Not Like Other Girls, Alice Oatman
The Boy Tramps, Meyers & Finlayson
The Man Who Laughs,
Fillmore Wentworth
Wise and Otherwise, Knapp and Merritt
From Jes(t) to Earnest, - Trix Neiss
Two Offenders, - Richards Bros.
Gallery of Celebrated Women,
Misses Owens, Fowler and Hayden

The Amateur Poacher,	Will Scripture
Wee Willie Winkle,	- Wm. Donahue
Idle Thoughts of An Idle Fellow,	Perry Armstrong
Little Miss Muffet,	- Lillian Garlick
Wild Animals I Have Known, Faculty	
A Flock of Girls,	Class of 1902
Golden Butterfly,	- S. Burney
Innocence Abroad,	- Demis Utley
The Heavenly Twins, Misses Melchinger	
What Can(t) She Do,	- Miss Gifford
Bitter Sweet,	- Bertha Widmann
Hard Cash,	- Leslie Marcy
She Stoops to Conquer,	Elizabeth Searles
Odd Number,	- Beatrice Burton
Love Me Little, Love Me Long,	Natalie Jones
Greatest Thing in the World,	James Ethridge
Ginx's Baby,	- John Fitzsimmons
The Story of Sa(ha)ra,	- Miss Beers
Red as a Rose is She,	- Cora Pitcher
Small Boy in Big Boots,	Tom Connell
Royal Rogues,	
Baker, Neiss, Taylor, Trenham	
Boy Problem,	- Franklin Ethridge
Confessions of a Young Man,	Ed. Atkinson
A Remedy for Love,	- L. Pillmore
King and Queen of Hearts,	
C. Richards and Miss S—	
Helen's Babies,	Class of 1905
Sky Pilot,	- Norma West
The Princess of Hearts, Louise Thomas	
The Power Behind The Throne,	Grace Powers

Miss Thalman advises her classes to sing "Just Because She Made Those Goo Goo Eyes" before retiring. We never thought it of you, Miss Thalman.

Miss Minnie Sparks was formerly called Spinning Marks.

D. A. R. Prize Oration.

This oration was written by Roy Lewis Bielby, '02, and received first prize, a ten dollar gold piece, in the annual competition of High School students held by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The Battle of Monmouth.

There is no alternative. Clinton must fight. The American troops, vigilant and wary, surround him on all sides. To escape is impossible, and he betakes himself to a strongly fortified position near Monmouth Court House.

June 28, 1778, is the Christian Sabbath. The sky is cloudless over the plains of Monmouth when the morning dawns and the sun comes up with all the fervor of the summer solstice. It is the sultriest day of the year; not a zephyr moves the leaves; nature smiles in her beautiful garments of flowers and foliage; and the birds carol with delight in the fulness of love and harmony. Man alone is the discordant note in the universal melody. He alone disturbs the chaste worship of the hour, which ascends audibly from the groves, the streams, the meadows and the woodlands.

On this calm Sabbath morning twenty thousand men gird on the implements of hellish war to maim and destroy—to sully the green grass and fragrant flowers with human blood.

The hot forenoon is nearly worn away before a decisive movement is made. At eleven o'clock General Clinton, fearing that the Americans are about to capture his baggage, vigorously attacks the forces of Wayne and Lee. Lee immediately orders a general retreat. The retreat turns into a panic, and the Republicans flee precipitately over the broken country. The heat is intense and many soldiers fall prostrate and are trampled

to death by the mad rush of their fellows. Still on, on, rushes the silent, struggling mass of humanity. Not a sound is heard, but an occasional musket shot and the shouts of the pursuing enemy. This disgraceful flight must be stopped or the American army is dishonored forever. O, that Washington were only here! But look! over yonder hill comes a rider upon a foaming black steed. Galloping to the head of the retreat he orders a halt. Spurring on his horse, he rushes into the midst of confusion and soon rallies a part of the troops. He orders Oswald, who commands the American artillery, to place his batteries on a nearby hill and open fire upon the pursuing British. The order is instantly obeyed, and there pours down the hillside such a murderous storm of grape shot and cannon balls that the enemy is driven back. Washington seems everywhere present. There, as the battle smoke rolls away, he is seen rushing into the very midst of the iron storm; away yonder, urging his men on to victory. His voice fills the fugitives with a new hope, a new courage. It is a voice of faith to the despairing soldiers. The whole patriot army, which half an hour before had been on the verge of destruction, panic stricken, without order, is now drawn up in battle array with a bold and well arranged front.

Placing Lee in command of the organized front, Washington quickly brings the main army into martial order. Lord Stirling is directed to command the left and General Greene secures an advantageous position on Stirling's right.

Suddenly the British batteries open fire. Our cannon make answer to theirs. The battle has begun. Down the hillside charge a party of rebels upon Lee's right. It is forced to give way. Out of the woods rush a party of British and

attack the Americans in open field. The contest becomes fierce and destructive. The American artillery is pouring a murderous fire upon the enemy when there rushes into the field the British cavalry followed by a body of infantry. Simultaneously they charge the Republicans and break their ranks. Lee brings off his troops in admirable order, while Washington engages the enemy with fresh forces. The action now becomes general. The British attack the Americans again and again but are repeatedly driven back. Wayne, who is pouring a destructive fire from an eminence in a nearby orchard, stands between them and victory. Colonel Monckton, perceiving this, resolves to drive him from his position. Forming his troops into a solid column, and with all the regularity of a corps on parade, he advances to the charge. In sullen silence Wayne's troops await him. Not a rifle cracks. The men are watching and waiting and obeying orders. On, on they come! Only a few rods remain between them and the Americans. Suddenly, seven hundred muskets crack viciously; seven hundred bullets whistle angrily. A great cloud of smoke goes up. A great sheet of flame flashes, and lo! scarcely a British officer is standing.

Among the fallen is the brave Monckton. Over his dead body, maddened by the sight of his blood, the British fight with the energy of despair. But human endurance can not stand the iron storm that is poured into their faces. They are forced to give way, and night mercifully ends the contest.

About twelve o'clock there is a slight stir in the British camp and the enemy steals away under the cover of darkness.

Was it possible for the Americans to have won a decisive victory at the battle of Monmouth? No. Why? Because

of Clinton? Because of Monckton? Because of those brave men who fought over his body? No. Because of Lee, who let ambition master patriotism, jealousy conquer principle, and who almost led the American army into everlasting disgrace.

D. A. R. Prize Essay.

This essay was written by Miss Nellie Sweeney, '03, and received first prize, a ten dollar gold piece, in the annual competition of High School students held by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Nathan Hale.

In the first sad days of the Revolutionary war, when the news of the battle at Lexington was being carried from village to village, an excitement was created such as these little towns had never before experienced. In New London, a picturesque New England village, men with pale, anxious faces gathered in the town hall to discuss the news and to decide upon a course of action. Several grave, elderly men had spoken when the young schoolmaster stepped to the platform and delivered a stirring appeal. He was a commanding figure, over six feet in height, with a perfectly proportioned form. His face, which was of unusual beauty, was all aglow, and as he ended with the words, "Let us march immediately and never lay down our arms until we have our independence," he looked like a young god come to inspire the weary, depressed men with fresh hope and courage.

This eloquent speaker is Nathan Hale, whose young life is destined to have an untimely end.

Nathan Hale was born on the sixth of June, 1755, in the town of Coventry, Connecticut. A pale, sickly boy, his parents never expected to see him reach

his tenth year, but as he grew older his health improved and his athletic feats became the wonder and admiration of his companions. It was his father's wish that Nathan should become a minister, so Reverend Joseph Huntington prepared the lad for Yale.

Our young hero thoroughly enjoyed his college life. At his graduation he was engaged with William Robinson and Ezra Sampson in a syllogistic dispute followed by a debate. Question—"Whether the education of the daughters be not, without any just reason, more neglected than that of the sons." A classmate, James Hillhouse, wrote "Hale triumphed and most ably did he advocate the cause of the daughters."

After graduating he taught school at East Hadley, and now, at the beginning of the Revolution, we find him engaged in the same occupation at New London.

But Nathan Hale was not content to remain in a quiet village when his country needed him. Enrolling himself as a volunteer he was soon made lieutenant in Colonel Charles Webb's regiment. He was then ordered to Cambridge, where, after participating in the siege of Boston, he was made captain in January, 1776.

Soon after he went to New York where, early in September, he captured at midnight, with the aid of a few picked men, a supply vessel which was anchored in the East River under the protection of the guns of the British man-of-war "Asia." The stores of provisions from the prize were distributed among his hungry fellow soldiers.

He was now made captain of the Connecticut Rangers, a corps known as Congress's, were commanded by Thomas Knowlton.

General Washington, after the defeat at Long Island, applied to Knowlton for

a discreet officer to enter the British lines and procure intelligence. Without a moment's hesitation Captain Hale volunteered to perform this service. At the house of Robert Murray on the Ingleberg (now Murray Hill in New York city) where Washington had his headquarters for a time while retreating towards Harlem Heights, he received instructions on duty from the commander-in-chief.

Disguised as a schoolmaster and loyalist he visited all the British camps on Long Island and in New York, openly making observations, drawings and memoranda of the fortifications.

He then started on his dangerous journey back to the American lines. He returned safely to the point where a boat was to take him to the Connecticut shore, but the one which he signaled proved to be from a British man-of-war, and he was at once arrested. Still the brave young officer did not give up hope, but answered the questions put to him with such apparent frankness that he might have been released had he not been recognized by some Tory relative and reported as a rebel officer.

This led to his examination and the plans were found on his person. He was then taken before General Howe, to whom he openly avowed his mission. Without even a form of trial, Howe handed the prisoner over to Provost Marshal Cunningham to be hanged.

Captain Hale was confined in a greenhouse over night. His requests for a Bible and the attendance of a chaplain were roughly refused. A humane officer, who superintended the execution, procured him some writing material, but the tender letters of farewell which he wrote to his mother, betrothed and sisters, were destroyed before his eyes by the brutal Cunningham, so that, as he

afterwards said, "the rebels should never know that they had a man who could die so bravely."

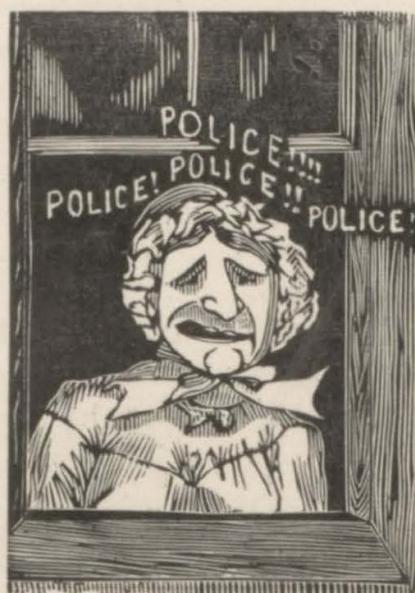
And indeed he did die bravely. Early on the morning of the twenty-second of September, 1776, the noble patriot was led to the place selected for the execution, Colonel Henry Rutger's orchard, near the present junction of Market street and East Broadway. With firm tread and calm countenance he ascended the scaffold, saying, "You are shedding the blood of the innocent; if I had ten thousand lives I would lay them down in defense of my injured, bleeding country." Then, as the noose is adjusted about his neck, and as the spectators sob aloud at the pitiful sight, Nathan Hale speaks again in his firm but gentle voice, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." These are his last words. With the courage and heroism of a martyr he meets his fate. Where in the annals of war can be found a parallel to this unselfish, devoted, willing sacrifice?

A little fort built in 1812 on Black Rock at the entrance of the New Haven harbor was named Fort Hale in his honor, and a granite memorial was erected at his birthplace in 1846. A bronze statue, the work of Karl Gerhardt, was placed in the capitol at Hartford on the fourteenth of June, 1887. An address presenting the statue to the state was made by Charles Dudley Warner, to which Governor Phineas C. Lounsbury responded. The Society of the Sons of the Revolution raised funds for a handsome statue in City Hall Park.

Isaac Stuart has written an account of the life of the martyr spy, as has also Benson J. Lossing. President Timothy Dwight, the elder, who was his tutor when at Yale, has commemorated his career in verse and also extolled him in

prose. The manuscript of one of his college orations is carefully preserved by the Linonian Society at Yale.

These monuments are the outward tokens of the love every true American bears to the memory of Nathan Hale, but his grandest monument is the story of his noble, unselfish life, which shall endure as long as the American nation.



Our neighbors on Hallowe'en night.

We Wonder

- Who rang the bell Hallowe'en?
- When Merritt cut his teeth?
- Who strung the skeleton up?
- Where Meyers buys milk now?
- How Miss Knapp learns so much?
- Where Miss Shortall got that hat?
- What attracts all the girls to Atkinson?
- Who is going to buy Miss Fowler a rattle?
- Who causes all the fuss in the 6th period?
- What's the matter with Anna Mai, Charlie?
- When Walters is going to get his hair cut?
- Why class 1902 did not have their sleigh ride?
- When Miss Susie Thomas will get shoes to fit.

—Where Keeney and Hammann spend their afternoons?

—Why the fellows in the 2d period have to stay noons?

—What the High School will do without the class of 1902?

—Why the fellows all crowd on the walk so no one can pass by?

—Why some fellows come home on the last train from Camden?

—If the class of 1906 will be as fresh as our present Freshman class?

—How Keeney and Wardwell got their German lessons so well the last three months?



Mr. H--d and Mr. H-r--s.

Our Clock.

You have asked me to write something about the McKinley Memorial Clock which the opening of school in September will find doing business, we hope, with great regularity. Probably you will be more interested in learning something about modern time systems, and particularly about the one which we hope to have here, than you would be to have the purposes, and ways and means of raising the necessary funds repeated.

The old fashioned weight-clock has, within recent years, been almost entirely superseded by an electrically operated, self-winding clock, which requires no attention whatever, except that the batteries must be replenished from time to time. This is the sort of a system

which we expect to install soon after the 1st of July. It will consist of a self-winding master clock with mercurial compensating pendulum which shall actuate the hands of the four foot glass dial in the marble window fronting James street, as well as the secondary clocks throughout the building. In the High School study-hall the secondary clock will be a twenty-inch red marble dial, with fancy hands and numerals. In the principal's office and in each of the classrooms on the first floor, secondary clocks will be of ten or twelve-inch size with ordinary dials. All of these clocks, as well as the electric bells, placed both inside and outside of the building, will be electrically operated by the master-clock.

The device with which these clocks are fitted for controlling the program of a school is very interesting to me. By simply inserting a program form into the clock, the ringing of the bells will be made to conform to that program on intervals of one minute or more. As an illustration, if a warning bell is to be sounded at 38 minutes past nine, the final bell could be sounded at 39 minutes past nine, if desired, or as our custom has been in the High School, to have the warning bell two minutes before the close of the period, it can be adjusted to meet this requirement.

Such a system will not only insure a uniformity of time throughout the building, but it will obviate the necessity which now exists for ringing the electric bells at least twice in each period by hand. All this will be done automatically. No winding is necessary and no setting of clocks will be necessary, unless it might be the master-clock itself, as all secondary clocks in

the very nature of the case, must be in exact agreement with the master-clock.

It was at first hoped to place a large bell on the top of the building to strike the hours and half-hours. It has been found impracticable to do this, owing to the lack of funds, and owing also to the fact that in the Presbyterian Church tower is a much larger and better bell than we could possibly provide. There will, however, be a ten inch electric gong at each entrance which will sufficiently disturb the waves of ether to summon any who may be within a block of the building.

This, in general, is what we hope to install, and as a school we ought to take this means of expressing our thanks to those persons who have so kindly furnished the funds to provide so ample a system for us. And let us not lose sight of the fact that this clock is a memorial to our lamented President, William McKinley, in remembrance of whom a suitable inscription will be placed either above the clock, or in one of the corridors.

W. D. H.



Weller pulling in a high fly.

Miss Beers feeds her classes on ginger to make them ginger up. We are afraid, Miss Beers, your going to the ball games has a bad effect upon you.

Answers to Correspondence.

Mr. Dorr—As it injures the hair to curl it so much with an iron, we would suggest trying to wear it plain for a change.

Yes, Perry. We would certainly advise you to wear red sweaters, as the color is strikingly becoming, especially in a calcium light.

We think, Walter Evans, that the style of parting your hair in the middle is much more becoming.

Mr. Mills—We advise rubbing kerosene and vaseline into the roots of the hair as they strengthen and stimulate a new growth.

An engaged young lady, Miss Weller, usually waits for the young man's parents to call on her, unless they are too feeble or otherwise unable to do so. In that case she should call first.

Sadie—The right way for you to do, if you desire an introduction is to inform the young man's best friend of the fact.

It is very ill mannered and improper for persons to open and read letters which are not addressed to them—Teachers.

Grace Powers—The third finger of the left hand is always the finger for the engagement ring, as it is supposed to be in direct communication with the heart.

Light hair is more becoming when it is allowed to puff at the sides. A good way to wear it, Alice, is in a pompadour.

Misses West and Birnie—Young ladies should wear their dresses as long as their height demands.

Walnut dye will color your hair brown, Mr. Coventry. Being purely vegetable, it is harmless.

Be not jealous young man. If you have this tendency, seek to overcome it or some thoughtless (?) maiden will cause you many unhappy moments.

Certainly Jennie, it is best and proper for a young man to drive when there are but two in the carriage. However it is not good form to go driving alone with a young man. You should take a girl friend with you.

You are quite young Abby, so have patience. Your freckles will gradually disappear if you shield your face from direct sunlight and wear a veil of a green shade that inclines to yellow.

Cora—We advise you to wait a few years longer. Perhaps the young stenographer will meet with some good fortune, or be taken into partnership with some large firm. Such things very often happen.

You ask us what a flirt is Mabel Wilson? From the way your letter reads and from the number of persons you mention, we should say that you possess many of the necessary characteristics.

Yes, Christine, we understand that the sudden appearance of a Cornell student will remove all notice of the unsightly paint spots from your gown.

Wanted to Know.

When Norma West will stop growing?

When Bess Cowles will keep still an hour?

When Betty Searles will be serious?

When Ralph Merritt will stop acting silly?

When Natalie Jones will grow old?

When Jesse Bartlett's shoes will grow old?

When Millie Hower will walk quietly into the room?

What Stuart Knight's favorite color is? Brown?

If all the old girls will take a post-graduate course in science next year?

Why Mabelle White and Harold Wardwell smile at each other when we sing "Sweet and Low," and why Mildred Brainerd is always able to help some?

If Mary's lamb is always Whyte?

For Sale—Fancy stocks, ribbons and neckwear.—Jennie May Evans.

For Sale—Hair tonics, lotions and toothpowder.—Stuart Mills.

For Sale—Rouges, powders and complexion washes.—Beatrix Burton.

For Sale—A Jewel of great value.—Apply to Leo White.

Miss Sutton—"Miss Lobdell, can you come into the other division?"

Miss Lobdell—"Yes. For two days of the week."

Miss Sutton—"Well, that will be a relief for two days."

Mr. Harris and his Algebra Class.



Franklin Ethridge getting a little excited over the result of an example.

Class of 1902.

Harold Wardwell,	President
Mildred Brainerd,	Vice President
Evelyn Knapp,	Secretary
John Jones,	Treasurer

Class Motto, "Vivre voir et valoir."

Class Flower, Marguerite.

Class Colors, Green and White.

Class Yells—

Ra! Re! Ri! Ro! Ring Ching Chang!

Naughty two! Naughty two!

Zip! boom! bang!

Rackety-cax! Coax! Coax!

Rackety-cax! Coax! Coax!

Hoo Rah! Hoo Rah!

Naughty two! Naughty two!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Class History.

In union there is strength. The class of 1902 fully exemplifies the truth of these words. Never, perhaps, in the history of the Rome High School has a class possessed of a more fraternal feeling been within its walls.

Four short years ago, in 1898, we left the protecting care of the Grammar School for the broader field of academic work. The intervening years have been both happy and profitable, and in them we have learned to appreciate more fully than ever before the valuable opportunities offered by the public schools.

In January of 1902 the death of our beloved Miss Susan Evans, under whom we began the study of science, cast a

gloom over the entire school. Miss Evans was with us but one short year, but her faithful work and gentle presence endeared her to the most thoughtless. Her task is finished, but who can estimate the influence of her helpful words and earnest work.

We first entered upon our academic studies in Sink's Opera House. At that time the new building was in process of erection but it was not completed. Mr. Hood was our principal and his efforts were ably seconded by Miss Beers, Miss Capron, Mr. George, Miss Higham, Miss Haag and Miss Evans. Miss Capron resigned in January and Miss Packard took her place.

The next year we were glad to take up our quarters in the New High School building, which had just been erected. Miss Packard was then succeeded by Miss Sutton, Miss Evans by Miss Beard, Miss Haag by Miss Hoag, and later by Miss Sparks, and Mr. George by Miss Thalman.

The next year Mr. Hood was elected superintendent of schools and Mr. F. M. Wilson succeeded him as principal. This year only one change was made in the teaching force. The resignation of Mr. Wilson in order to enter the ministry, resulted in the choice of Mr. H. W. Harris, whose efficient work during the past year is a testimonial of the good judgment displayed by the teachers' committee.

Last September at our first regular class meeting we elected the following officers:

President, Mr. Harold Wardwell.

Vice President, Miss Mildred Brainerd.

Treasurer, Mr. John Thomas Jones.

Secretary, Miss Evelyn Knapp.

It has been customary for each class to give a Senior sleighride, but if there

is one thing upon which we pride ourselves it is originality. Consequently, we decided to give an informal reception and dance at Clarke Memorial Hall. The affair, which occurred on the evening of April second, was most enjoyable and will doubtless be remembered with pleasure by all who were present.

It, perhaps, is needless to assure you of the fact that we are at once the most brilliant, the most clever and the most wonderful class ever yet graduated from the Rome High School. It is our firm intention to shine with unusual brilliancy in the alumni firmament.

MAI ROSE McCORMAC.

The Event of the Year.

Departing from the custom of previous classes, embracing straw rides and suppers at country hotels, the class of 1902 turned their attention to the banquet hall where, in company with chosen guests, they might establish the true social position of their class.

Therefore, on Wednesday evening, April 2, 1902, they gave a reception and dance in Clarke Memorial Hall, each member inviting three friends.

The executive committee, consisting of Miss Elizabeth Searles, Miss Mildred J. Brainerd and Mr. Harold Wardwell, together with Miss Thalman and Miss Beers of the High School faculty, received the guests.

The artistic decorations of the assembly room were attractive beyond description. The walls were draped with red and white bunting, while here and there about the room, potted plants and palms added to the pleasing effect. On every hand the class colors of green and white caught the eye. Enticing cozy corners were fitted up—one, in

imitation of the class pin, diamond shaped, with the figures 1902 in a green field. Banners of the various colleges denoted that their representatives, who were also Rome High School graduates, were present. Cornell was most prominent. Others were Yale, Princeton, Hamilton, Columbia, Hotchkiss, Buffalo University and the Lady Jane Gray school.

The pleasing scene presented would have lost most of its charm had it not been for the grace and beauty of the fair maidens and the manly bearing of the gallant youths.

Ping pong, crokinole and various other games claimed the attention of many. At the same time, Terpsichore engaged her votaries in the enchanting two-step.

Refreshments were informally served at the pleasure of the guests.

Late in the evening, the grand march, led by Miss Eva Becker, was very prettily carried out.

The ever-pleasing Tommy Tucker, led by the dignified president of the class, gave the desired opportunity to each one to dance with the other fellow's best girl. This dance ended the evening's festivities.

Among the guests present were the following graduates of the High School: Daniel W. Wardwell, Hamilton College; Arthur Wardwell, Harold and Edward L. Stevens, Cornell; Alfred Ethridge, Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn.; Ruth Ethridge, Bruley's School, New York; Harriet White, Blossvale. Other guests were Misses Mabelle White of Blossvale, Eloise Comstock, Riverside School, New York; Spencer Pratt and Willard Soper, Verona, students at Hamilton College.

The officers of the class are: President, Harold Wardwell; Vice-president, Miss J. Mildred Brainerd; Secretary, Miss Evelyn Knapp; Treasurer, John Thomas Jones.



President's Address.

Kind Friends: The Class of 1902 extends to you a most cordial welcome to their class day exercises. We sincerely hope that this evening spent with us will be one of unbounded pleasure to you and one to which we can look back with pride.

We now appreciate the sacrifice of time and energy which has been made by the faculty in order to further our best interests. From our first year the teachers have kindly assisted, advised and encouraged us. Patiently and faithfully they have led us along the difficult path of learning. Through disappointments and discouragements they have cheered and helped us and now that we are about to depart from them, we feel more than ever their great influence over us.

We do not forget that you, our schoolmates, have also helped to make life pleasant. How we would like to stay

with you, but the time has come for us to bid an eternal farewell to our dear old school. Tonight, for the last time, the Class of 1902 is assembled in this room which we have so learned to love.

We leave the pleasant associations with the last four years to enter upon the active duties of life. We shall never forget, however, the memories of our happy school days.

For each of us some work awaits the doing; some niche remains to be filled. Let it be our endeavor to perform our duties faithfully. Our lives will be nobler and better for the effort, and even though we may be unsuccessful, the consciousness of having done our best will be its own reward.

May we all have many kindly thoughts of Alma Mater and may we look back to the days spent in her tender care as the most happy of our lives.

Once more teachers, alumni, fellow students and friends, we extend to you a cordial greeting.

HAROLD WARDWELL.

Class Prophecy.

On a recent visit to Philadelphia I discovered some interesting facts. One day I went down town to send a wireless telegram. I reached the central office, a very large room where many people at their desks seemed exceedingly busy. As soon as one of the girls was at liberty I stepped up to send my message and discovered myself face to face with our classmate, Cora Pitcher. I was very glad to see Cora, who took me into her private office. She told me that her scientific work in the Rome High School had been of the greatest benefit to her. She was the head operator in that large establishment. While

she talked my attention was attracted by numerous medals, which she wore. I learned afterwards that she had received them because of her valuable discoveries in the scientific world.

In the course of our conversation I inquired about our other classmates and we immediately resolved to send out telegrams to each of them.

I first thought of Mildred Brainerd, the maid with the pleasant chatter and the mirthful laugh. I spelled out her name on the key board of the telegraph; for a few moments all was quiet, then I heard a gentle humming sound which told me that I was in communication with my old friend. I asked her what she was doing and she told me that she was training a class of small boys—all minister's sons. I could scarcely understand her quiet and subdued manner. Poor girl, she had probably had a hard struggle, for minister's sons are proverbially difficult to manage. I next thought of our demure little friend Beatrix Neiss. I had to wait some time before I received any answer to my call for her. At last I heard a loud buzzing and I knew a man was at the other end of the instrument. He told me that Miss Neiss was at that time sitting for a famous artist's Madonna.

Then I inquired for Bertha Widmann. I last saw her just before she sailed for Germany. For some reason she did not seem inclined at first to tell me about herself. Finally she was persuaded to do so, and hesitatingly spelled out the words which told me that she sang in the emperor's choir, and had that day, as a mark of royal favor, been permitted to christen one of his row-boats.

By this time I thought I ought to ask for one of our most distinguished

men, our president, Mr. Harold Wardwell. I knew he would be very busy, so I waited patiently until he answered my message. I could tell by the vigorous response of the instrument that he had become a second Horace Greeley, even before he told me that he was the manager of a large newspaper trust. He also confided in me that his evenings were spent in training boys for the athletic field.

As soon as I was through with Mr. Wardwell I called for Evelyn Knapp. I found her in Oneida teaching school. She told me how near she came to living in Buffalo; when she was on the train one day the conductor tried to make her a Buffalo, but as she did not have eleven cents he put her off at Oneida.

I now thought of Cora Pitcher's sister, who was to be found at the Hoity-Toity theater. The play was in full swing and of course I could not talk with Jennie, but the manager told me what I wished to know. He said that on account of her youth and beauty it had been hard to procure a license for her, but that she was one of the most taking youngsters that had ever been brought before the American public. She was then playing "Dolly Dutton" in the strong military drama "In the Valley of the Mohawk."

I asked the man if he would read me the cast and when he did so, he led off with the name of Jennie Senn as the star. I was greatly surprised. She was the pride of the soldiers, and it seemed to me the name of the man who played the part of her soldier hero sounded familiar. I did not think I would hear any more familiar names, but when he mentioned Eva Carpenter as a chorus girl I was ready for almost

anything. I did not understand him at first—he meant that she had been in the chorus the year before, but had then risen to one of the principal parts as the welcoming hostess and professional chaperone. When he read John Thomas Jones' name as the heavy villain, and said he could be used for a soul stirring baritone as well, it confirmed all the good things said in regard to the brilliant future of the class of 1902.

The manager, who was giving me all this information said that in the fall a new actor, Mr. Harry Coventry, was to appear in a French play. The manager then ended by saying that the leader of the orchestra, who had composed the play, was Edward White. I knew that since the time our class had disbanded Mr. White had composed many operas, but that he had written a class drama was a piece of startling information.

I next telegraphed to Lillian O'Brien. In the course of our conversation I learned that she had married, and was disciplining a man to recognize woman's rights and wrongs.

I now tried to get Mabel Silvernail. While I was waiting to hear from her I picked up a catalogue which lay on a table, on the cover of which in large letters I read, Wellsmith School, Miss Lela Lobdell, preceptress. She advertised that the young ladies graduated from her seminary would be of the blase, innocent or masculine type, each style particularly attractive to the opposite sex.

Elocution and kindred subjects were taught by Miss Christine Ellis, one of the best instructors in the country, who had received all of her training from Cornell University.

At last divine Cecilia came, the modern one, Louise Thomas. I interrupted her while she was practicing her own wedding march. They say that she plays so wonderfully on the organ that she hypnotizes every one within range. She told me that at that moment she had a half a dozen people marching up the aisle, looking as though the happiest moment of their lives had come. There was a long silence and I knew Louise had finished, as she never was inclined to talk more than necessary.

When I called for Mary Huggins some one asked me who I was, where I was and what it was all about. When I had answered her questions Mary told me that she was Librarian in the Congressional Library in Washington. I was more than pleased to find the members of our class so high upon the ladder of fame.

I had left the most powerful member until now, when I began talking with Grace Powers. She had become enormously wealthy, having early invested all she had in Wells. She did not mention the kind, probably coal or gas, —anyway, "All's well that ends Wells."

When I had finished with Grace I received a message from Mabel Silvernail as follows: "Sorry to have missed your call this morning. Automobile stuck in the mud, overloaded with groceries. Am a traveling advertisement for Mellin's Food. Mable Silvernail."

I had no sooner read this communication than another was handed me. "Thought I felt Rome atmosphere last night about 11 o'clock. Of course, I was in the subway so could not tell. Fine campaign on hand. People said I was a howling success last week in my

speech on Fort Stanwix. Have hopes of being President next year. Roy Bielby."

For a few moments I was almost staggered by the brilliant achievements of my classmates. What a thing it is to be found in the company of the great. Surely every one will agree with me that the class of 1902 should have a very prominent place in the Hall of Fame. ELIZABETH P. SEARLES.

Class Presentation.

Alma Mater me appointed
To address you on this day,
And present a little token,
And a parting word I'll say :

Tin soldier, give, to Jennie Senn,
With warning let it be.
She must not think of other men,
But only think o' *he*.

(*Tin Soldier*) Jennie Senn.

Now, Bertha, you may soon go
To cross the deep blue sea.
Prof. Wilson sends these soda mints
And says: "Remember Me."

(*Soda Mints.*) Bertha Widmann.

To music you devoted are,
And we your skill regard,
And hope this humble instrument,
May not your aims retard.

(*Mouth Organ.*) Louise Thomas.

That you may see all there's to see
These stilts will e'er be found,
The greatest help you can conceive
To view the world around.

(*Stilts.*) Mary Huggins.

A perfect report we beg to give,
To Miss Evelyn B. Knapp.
And the fellow that fixes his eye on her,
A feather must have in his cap.

(*Report.*) Evelyn Knapp.

We have a musician,
The piano to play.
If Paderewski should see him.
He'd faint dead away.

(*Piano.*) Edward White.

This boy we now present to you,
And it you must not sell.
Remember now this warning wise,
And treat your young Ward-well.

(*China Boy.*) Christine Ellis.

A ballot we extend to thee,
To use with all your might.
Because we have the certainty,
T'will ne'er be but for right

(*Ballot.*) Eva Carpenter.

A mirror we will now present,
To pretty Betty Searles.
The prettiest of all the pretty ones,
Among the pretty girls.

(*Mirror.*) Betty Searles.

A Demosthenes we have,
And of him are justly proud.
No pebbles in his mouth has he,
The best of all the crowd.

(*Mother Goose Melodies.*) Roy Bielby.

A homeopathic dose we give,
The present of a heart.
We hope 'twill have a good effect
And help the weaker part.

(*Heart.*) Mildred Brainerd.

To a teacher we give a rule
And this to you would tell;
That if your scholars are not good
You'll have to spank 'em well.

(*Ruler.*) Cora Pitcher.

When the teacher casts her looks,
Or by chance she draweth near,
Then how busy o'er his books
Does this quiet lad appear.

(*Card of Merit.*) Harry Coventry.

To Lela Maude we do present,
With all the best intentions meant,
A cap and apron that she may,
Serve bouillon in a daintier away.

(*Cap and Apron.*) Lela Lobdell.

The youngest, the babe of the class,
To you a doll we will give,
And hope that the future may give
A homely about you to live.

(*Doll.*) Jennie Pitcher.

This porous plaster speaks for you,
And tells of many a day,
Of tireless and unceasing toil,
Which others dreamed away.

(*Porous Plaster.*) Lillian O'Brien.

In singing you are so skilled,
That charm you can every foe,
We present you this that you may have
Sweet music wherever you go.

(*Horn*) John Thomas Jones.

For many a garland has been bestowed,
For many have rung the bells,
For many have done exceedingly well,
But one has done Mr. Wells.

(*Well and Old Oaken Bucket.*) Grace Powers.

To ride, you have a fancy for,
And this we're sure's not wrong,
If in an automobile cart,
You should not ride too long.

(*Cart.*) Mabel Silvernail.

Although our president you are,
And editor so grand,
If Ruth were just to look at you,
You're meek as this pet lamb.

(*Lamb.*) Harold Wardwell.

BEATRIX NEISS.

Address to Undergraduates.

Children of the Class of 1903, we, the Class of 1902, feel it our duty, aye our sacred duty, to give you a few words of advice and comfort before our departure. We are solicitous for your welfare and have spared neither time nor thought in making such preparations as will be helpful to you in your coming trials, tribulations, and heartrending disappointments.

We have noticed, not without a feeling of pain, a spirit of arrogance which of late has been growing upon you. It ought not to be necessary to remind you that we, grave dignified Seniors, have yet a short time during which it is your duty to admire and respect us, to pay us homage, yea, to acknowledge us as masters.

In our memory, no class, while yet they were children, has dared to assume such a spirit of self importance, such a spirit of presumption and self-conceit as

you have manifested. It is unbecoming your immature years. Therefore, we beg that you accept a word of parental advice and that you control that spirit, until a wider experience and a maturer judgment give you a right to assume it.

We admit that you are a class of likely youngsters. We see among you persons gifted with talents of every kind. While space will not allow us to extol the virtues of each separately, we can not leave you without remarking upon a few who seem to be endowed with special genius.

We earnestly hope that within the next few years, woman's suffrage will be granted, in order that your most prominent representative may distinguish herself in the public service. We listen with growing admiration each time the world renowned Miss Laura Wilson favors us with her appearance. We believe her mission in life is to harangue multitudes. We are convinced that she could address five thousand people in an open field and easily be heard by the most remote.

We anticipate great results from that pompous young gentleman, Mr. Joseph Lloyd Golly. We would not think of mentioning him for any honor lower than that of "Alderman of the City of Rome," and we see every prospect of his some day becoming mayor.

We have noticed, with pleasure, the aptitude of one of your members for setting the broken legs of unfortunate dogs and cats. There rises before us a vision of an elegantly furnished apartment, above whose door we read the sign, "Erwin Golly McFarland, M. D."

You need never worry about the business affairs of your class as long as they are in the hands of the younger member of this illustrious family. Your president is as shrewd and crafty as a Yankee

farmer and some day no doubt he will make his mark in the business world.

We congratulate you upon having among your numbers such a deep thinking philanthropist as Miss Bessie Cowles.

Last, but not least, comes the lordly John Hoyt Stevens. He is certainly a puzzle. With regard to him, we have considered profession after profession, business after business, but none seems to fill the bill. There remains but one vocation which we deem worthy of his notice; it is that of "A Gentleman of Leisure."

Although you are such a talented class, nevertheless, it will be necessary, because of your youth, to watch and train you carefully if you are to become the distinguished men and women we have pictured.

One more word of advice and we leave you. Bacon says in his essay on studies that some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some few to be chewed and digested. Now, when you return to your studies next September, we shall be deeply grieved if you merely taste of them, if you merely swallow them, if you do not chew and digest them; that is, pursue them with diligence and attention that you may do credit to yourselves as well as to your teachers.

We feel that we have already spent more time and thought in administering to you words of comfort, that we have been more solicitous of your welfare, than your past treatment of us has warranted, therefore, in the words of the poet, we bid you, children of the class of 1903, adieu.

Whispering winds tell us—

That Camden has some particular attraction for Will Scripture.

That something was doing at Syracuse on the trip the ball team took.

Honors.

First Academic Honor,	Evelyn Elizabeth Knapp.
Second Academic "	Mabel Link Silvernail.
Scientific "	Cora May Pitcher.
English "	Mary Lillian O'Brien.
Mathematical "	Louise Thomas.
Modern Language "	Bertha M. Widmann.
Latin "	Lela Maud Lobdell.
Recitation "	Eva Josephine Carpenter.
Declamation "	Harold Fletcher Wardwell.

Commencement Week.

Tuesday Evening in the High School Building.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

President's Address,	
	Harold Fletcher Wardwell.
Piano Solo,	Edward Arthur White.
Oration, - - -	Battle of Monmouth
	Roy Lewis Bielby.
Extracts from Class Paper,	
	Jennie Marguerite Senn.
Duet,	Misses Sutton and Lamb.
Prophecy,	Elizabeth Porter Searles.
Recitation, - - -	The Judgment Day
	Jennie Elizabeth Pitcher.
Presentation,	Nellie Beatrix Neiss.
Class Song,	Class of 1902.

A Class Reception will be held in Clarke Memorial Hall following the exercises at the High School.

Wednesday Evening.

The Third Annual Reception of the Philomathesian Society to the Senior Class, Faculty and friends, will be held in Clarke Memorial Hall.

Thursday Afternoon.

Graduating Exercises of the Court Street School in the Assembly Room of the High School.

Thursday Evening.

In the Opera House will be held the Annual Commencement Exercises of the High School.

Program.

Invocation,	Rev. C. G. Sewall.
Music, - - -	Orchestra.
Essay with Salutatory,	A New England Literary Colony Mabel Link Silvernail.

- Essay—Scientific Honor,
The Expressional Power of the Colored Race.
Cora May Pitcher.
- Essay—Latin Honor,
Musical Divinities of Greece
Lela Maud Lobdell.
- Music,
Orchestra.
- Recitation—Recitation Honor,
“The Relenting Mob.”—Victor Hugo
Eva Josephine Carpenter.
- Essay—English Honor,
The Philippines, Past and Present
Mary Lillian O’Brien.
- Essay—Mathematical Honor, - My Lady’s Fan
Louise Thomas.
- Music,
Orchestra.
- Essay—Modern Language Honor.
A Day on the Rhine
Bertha M. Widmann.
- Declamation—Declamation Honor,
“The Anarchy of a Free People.”—Stock
Harold Fletcher Wardwell.
- Essay with Valedictory, The Children’s Crusade
Evelyn Elizabeth Knapp.
- Chorus, - - - - - Merry June
Class of 1902.
- Presentation of Diplomas,
Mr. A. R. Hager, Pres. Board of Education.
- Address,
Rev. F. W. Betts, Syracuse, N. Y.
- Benediction.

Friday Evening—Alumni Banquet.



First Day of School for 1905.

As it is Written of 1900.

It came to pass in the first year of the reign of King Harris, that one of the mighty tribe of 1900 received a summons saying unto him that great was the need of a numbering of his tribe, which were scattered even as the chaff before the wind. Some abode with their fathers, but many wandered over the face of the earth, beyond their borders, even unto the lands of heathen nations.

In these days also it was proclaimed that the tribesmen of 1902 chose one from out their number to act as high priest in the making of the rolls. This great chieftain, strong in the battle of the base ball and pigskin, and well favored by maidens from every tribe, knows little of the warfare of the pen. Therefore he calleth upon others to succor him in his time of need. Thus cometh it to pass that this is written.

Now there being in our tribe many maidens, it seemeth best to the scribe to enroll them first. Of the comely maidens of 1900, many have remained at home and taken up their abode among their own people. These are well known, as they are seen daily in the streets of the city thereof, in the bazars; in the market-place and in the synagogues. Many more thereof inhabiting the lands round about the city have returned unto them and daily labor in their fields and looketh well to their households.

She whose surname was Mitchell, having found favor in the eyes of men, has been joined unto the son of Scott. They straightway left their fields to take up their abode in the city. May it prosper them hereafter. She of the family of Halstead, having wandered far from the home of her fathers and crossed many seas, has seen fit to return again, telling wonderful tales of strange peoples

and lands beyond the great seas. She whose name is Ellis, not mindful that much learning doth make one mad, hath sought to increase her knowledge among the tribe of Day, known as the Co-eds. She, the daughter of Garlick, being comely in face and knowing well right manner of speech, hath sought renown among the peoples in the city of the Quakers. May she speak many words and all in due season. A few of the maidens are lost and their wanderings have left no track for the scribe, though he even waxeth weary in his search, it availeth him not. Selah!

All the valiant men of our tribe have been scattered as the hoar-frost. The scribe has become a member of a valiant hill-tribe dwelling not far from his own borders. This hill-tribe frequently descends upon the city within the valley and with their voices and instruments of many strings they wage discordant war, taking many captives and much booty.

He of the surname Thomas dwelleth within the city, having taken it upon himself to learn the manner of dealing in brass and copper. And Connell, whose name is John, also tarries at home, giving account of his stewardship in a trade called that of the cans. Two of the tribe of the names Armstrong and Keith, both rich in learning, seek further treasures of knowledge, sojourning in the land of the Cornellians. He of the surname Keeney waxeth tired of his homeland and yearneth to wander. He will soon waste his substance among the Cornellians, who are strong in numbers and possessed of many tabernacles.

He, the son of Capron, the chief of our tribe, being well known for his steady nerve in many battles of the pig-skin and famous for his fluent speech, hath taken unto himself a trade of devils and sorcerers. With instruments of

death he seeketh out the people whose teeth are waxen poor and fallen into decay. He filleth them (the teeth) with gold and silver as one would fill a treasure box and he pulleth them (the teeth) as a man plucketh weeds from the garden. He who is called Spriggs also contemplates this trade. His kinsmen look with favor upon it as it yields great riches. Of him whose name is Edwards, (he who assumed great learning in numbers, winning tribal victory by his skill) little is known. He longeth to become a law-giver and join the mighty tribe of Philistines who preyeth upon men's coffers and leave but little thereof. He that is Frey has wandered eastward and joined himself unto the sons of Eli. May he rest in peace.

Thus it is written, and who can tell what shall be hereafter? Two years have risen and passed away like the breeze. Our souls long for the days which are no more, when as careless youths and maidens we abode in that tabernacle of learning, doing always those things which pleased us, and leaving undone those things which were acceptable in the sight of the High Priests. In the beginning of our service of four years, the Rabbi of the tabernacle saw fit to make a mightier structure, and therefore sent us out to a place of iniquity and ill omen, called an opera house by the people. Here we abode many seasons, learning little and wasting our substance upon the vender of cookies and doughnuts. When the building of the new temple ended, and the draperies thereof were hung, we went within its walls and were the first tribe to go forth to guard the watchtowers, wage war in the world, and work the wine presses of our fathers. Our tribe has ever been loyal to the teachings of the Priests and Priestesses in the tabernacle, and though

the High Priests looked not with favor upon us, we will ever lift our voices in praise of "1900! R. H. S." Here endeth the last lesson. SCRIBE FOR '00.

Class of 1901.

One year ago tonight on the 25th of June, the class of 1901 received their diplomas.Flushed with pride in work well done and with hope for the future which appeared so bright and promising, they were anxious to enter that battle-field where every soldier must do his part or fall, the battle field called life.

As a class we have aimed always to honor our dearly beloved Alma Mater. As individuals our ambitions have been many and varied. Several of our number are in college and school, preparing themselves for the professions, several are teaching and some of us have entered the work-a-day world and are striving for success there. No matter into which direction our paths have led, each one of us have striven for that best success, pure, true and useful manhood and womanhood.

To each of us this year has brought some of the sweet and some bitter. When discouraged and disheartened our motto, "Accomplish what you attempt," has been a stimulus to increased effort.

We have not recovered from our egotism of a year ago and we will still, as our class poet said, "shout for Naughty-one." By the time another year has passed we are sure we will be able to report much greater achievements. We shall yet accomplish things which will make old R. H. S. proud of the class of 1901.

As long as we live will we sing "Alma Mater, Salve." E. A. S. '01.

MISSTER EDITOR.

Dear Sir—The rumor has been tooted about the last two or 3 daise that the poat of the class of '00 is goin to try his hand at makin jangles in prays of the class of '00 fore your brite and neusy paper. I have taken this libertee of ritin you to keep your intelligent reeders frum bein deluded and decived and venture to incloas a little pome which I have thot out in my hed i. e. to wit, viz and namely.

Thers various kinds of liers
With witch this world is curst,
But Oughty-ought's class poat
Is certinly the wurst.

And of awl the grate truth tellers
With witch this world is blest,
Undoubtatlly the poat
Of Oughty-one's the best.

Fore he will willingly agree
That his class should be rated
The wurst cept 1900
Of awl those graduated

Yours truly,
HOTCHKISS, '02, R. S. U. P.



This cut represents the bad, bold class of 1905 taking good care of our next Freshman class. We feel sorry for 1906.

The Past, Present and a Prophecy for the Future of the Class of 1903.

Our illustrious class came together for the first time in the 7th Grade, in September, 1897, and under the guidance of the Misses Catlin and McAdam, we passed with honor into Professor Barringer's room. We were the last and largest class that ever graduated from the 8th grade at the Liberty Street School, and we celebrated this by holding our commencement exercises in the Washington Street Opera House.

When we went back to school in the fall, there was a new High School building ready for us.

We still survive after three years of strict discipline under Professors Hood, Wilson and Harris.

We are still a large class, numbering about thirty, and next year we will be haughty seniors, to be looked up to by all other students of the Rome High School.

In a few years, members of our class will be holding important positions. For instance, Arthur Walter will probably be a snake charmer in some large circus; Perry Armstrong will be an imitator of Richard Croker; Lloyd Golly will be a Professor of Physic(s) in some large university; and Herbert Smith will probably be a second Longfellow. Next year John Gawkins will be the "High School Wonder! The Farmer Football Player."

In the little village of Squeedonkville in a few years George Fraver will set up his meat market, where he will sell sausages and frankfurters. Next to his market will be the sign "The Squeedonkville Mirror, Editor — Thomas Connell."

Jennie Evans will some day be a college widow; Demis Utley, a second Carrie Nation; Grace Jewell, the leading lady of a Bowery Opera; Florence Kaufmann will be Fraulein Sparks' successor; and Natalie Jones will be an old maid at seventy, and will still have hopes.

There is a bright future before all of these and we wish them all the best fortune possible.

The class of 1904 has as yet not seen fit to organize. We try hard not to predict a doubtful future for them.



Freshman History.

My ma always said I was intended for a real big man. She always said I would be a great man some day because my head is the very same shape as George Washington's. When I graduated from the Court Street School I was at the foot of the class, but ma says the valedictorians never amount to much, and she pointed to my feet saying: "Your feet are as big as Abraham Lincoln's, and your deeds will be as big as your feet." When we first came to school our class was awfully big, but some of them acted very bad and our new teacher, Mr. Harris, wouldn't let them stay, but I am still there and ma

says she thinks I will stick there for good. She says she hopes so for Dan Webster was no good at his studies. We thought we were awfully big when we first came here, but some horrid upperclassmen put our heads in pails of water and it didn't feel good at all. They chased us for two days and I think they were real mean, for we couldn't run fast enough and we got scared and so they caught almost all of us. Then they made fun of us and I didn't see any fun in it for us. Our class ain't much good at running, but ma says Bryan never did much at that until he ran twice for President.

When we had been here for a long time and were just as good(?) as the Seniors, we thought we would like to look as big as they did with the big numbers on their big caps, so we got caps. Then the ungentlemanly roughs would not let us wear them. But we were not afraid of them and one day we got a big policeman to come up with us and we put our caps on. Then all those other tough boys, yelling like fiends, grabbed us and threw us down and made our noses bleed. I told one it wasn't nice to pick on little boys, but he only laughed and sat on my face. Our class can't lick a postage stamp. But ma, she says Roosevelt never did much along that line until he became Governor of New York State and she says she ain't discouraged and she still has hopes of her boy being a big man.

The upperclassmen think it fun to torment us, but I don't see any fun in it. I am tired of being a Freshman and wish I was a nice big Senior and could wear long pants. I am going to be a good boy, drink lots of milk, eat Mellen's Food and some time I will be big like the Seniors. Ma says I must

not get discouraged for Grover Cleveland had to try twice before he became President.

Changes in the Faculty.

Miss Grace Alden Beard, who has had charge of the science department for the last three years leaves to become teacher of biology in New York city. We wish her success and happiness in her new work.

It is rumored that Miss Mary L. Sutton is about to resign her position as teacher of English and English history to become mistress of a real English household. Miss Sutton's resignation will take from our school not only a most excellent teacher, but a very strong disciplinarian. May the young lady still continue to rule with an iron hand, tempered with love and mercy. The students of Rome High School extend most hearty congratulations.



"Flanny" stops a hot one in the Syracuse game and gets his man at home plate.

Rules for Freshmen.

On Friday, June 13, the representatives of the four classes and Mr. Harris met and adopted resolutions for the "suppression" of the incoming Freshmen.

The sentiment seemed not that the Freshmen should be humiliated, but that the spirit, which was one of the features of the old Rome Free Academy, should be renewed and shown in the Rome High School. Of late years the school and class spirit has died out considerably.

It seemed to the committee that to the Seniors, being the highest class, more respect should be shown to them the underclassmen.

It is to be hoped that the Freshmen will not take offence at these rules, but that they will take them for that purpose, for which the committee adopted them, for the good of the Rome High School.

The committee therefore unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That Freshmen be prohibited from wearing any class or school caps until on or after the first of June, 1903.

Resolved, That Freshmen be prohibited from wearing any class or school pins, or any other class or school insignia during the school year.

Resolved, That Freshmen be prohibited from standing upon that walk in front of, and upon that walk leading to, the Rome High School, but that they must stay upon the portico or go to the study hall.

Resolved, That Freshmen be made to salute each and every Senior of the Rome High School, by doffing or touching their hats or caps with their left hands.

Resolved, That Freshmen be made to obey such other rules and regulations as may be adopted from time to time.



A little celebration after the Camden game. We call on the Faculty.

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